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and probably some of the advanced pupils. All the pupils of the Conservatory are entitled to free tickets at these classical concerts, during the term of their subscription.

Mr. Carl Anschutz has organized an Institution at Steck's Music Hall, entitled Anschutz's Musical Institute, and has engaged a corps of admirable teachers, who will fulfill their duties under his supervision. Mr. Anschutz's profound knowledge of music in its utmost artistic reach, is so well appreciated by all our public, that comment upon his ability to supervise such a school of musical art would be entirely superfluous. The following is a list of the teachers of Anschutz's Musical Institute:

Vocal—Mme. Bertha Johansen, Herr Carl Anschutz, Sig. Marco Duschultz.

Italian Language—Sig. Giorgio Keck.

Piano—Messrs. A. Davis, A. Buechel, Max Braun, F. Kalliwoda, William Grosswirth, A. Neundorff.

Organ—Messrs. Max Braun and A. Davis.

Theory of Music and Composition—Herr Carl Anschutz, Messrs. Aug. Beuchel and Max Braun.

Violin—Mr. Joseph Noll.

Other instruments by competent teachers.

Mr. Anschutz will commence the labors of the Institute on the 17th of September. With three such Institutions under way, the art of music will certainly be well represented in its educational department.

THEATRE FRANCAIS.—ITALIAN OPERA.

The current version of Flotow's best opera, "Martha," was produced by Mr. Draper's company, on Monday evening, with good success in so far as its musical effects were concerned, and the performance gratified quite a large audience sufficiently to develop hearty applause with corresponding redemands in several instances.

Mise en scene, or fitting properties, appear to be strange things in the French Theatre, and not recognized by those who constructed it. A temporary occupant should, therefore be excused from strict observance of proprieties in mounting an opera conformably to its stage movement, and needful observance of its plot and acting. Mdlle. Boschetti, considering that Martha's music does not invariably lie within easy range of her voice, performed that part creditably in all points, and made "The Last Rose of Summer" so acceptable to her audience that she was fairly compelled to renew their gratification with a popular melody and its style of performance.

Mdlle. De Gebele's enactment of Nancy's role, and her general execution of the music appertaining to it, were constrained and devoid of that life, freedom, and buoyancy which befits it; yet she obtained favor by avoidance of exaggeration, and some vocal passages in which her good tones fully appeared.

Signor Tamaro was generally respectable in Lionel's enactment and music, and in a few passages excited considerable enthusiasm

particularly in the duet with Formes, which drove him into a repeat. His tenor is perplexed in dealing with the high notes scored by Flotow for Lionel, and inadequate to his part in a grand *ensemble*, like that suggestive of Verde's popular unison *finale*. For a utility tenor, he is remarkably available, for if he do not electrify and thrill, he yet is sufficient to carry on the operatic movement with credit to himself and satisfaction to a general public.

Carl Formes commenced in unusually clear and flexible voice, giving his recitative firmly, and his part in concerted music—except when it called for prompt, full attack of low notes—so well in tune, and so neat in execution as to excite hopes of his vocal powers, having emerged from the haze and fog which blemished all his notes above medium, and his otherwise excellent performance as Basilio. After repeating with Tamara a duet, always popular, his tone faded on the oppressive heat, and the quartets which followed were seriously injured by his failing voice. It was, however, in his celebrated Beer song that his inability to sing out in full, spirited, exciting tone, most distinctly appeared. That was so feebly and tamely given as to create a general impression of sudden indisposition and the puzzled audience refrained from applauding what is usually encoored heartily, lest he might be vexed with encore of a concerted piece in a preceding act, by call to perform an impossibility. His acting of Plunkett's role was generally excellent, but occasionally too rough, exaggerated, and sensational, carrying humor too far in desire to fill out a character which he "created" in Germany.

Loatelli, who formerly assisted Maretzek's opera, and more recently traveled with the Susini Ghioni troupe, personated Tristan well enough to carry on the action or music where he was a needful party.

The orchestra and chorus met public expectation thoroughly.

IRVING HALL.

Mr. Harrison inaugurated his concert season, of this fall and winter, last Saturday evening, with a very successful performance of an excellent programme, comprising violin solos, by Master Bernard or Mollenbauer, Gounod's "Serenade," Gumbert's "Wandering Minstrel," and parts in duets from "Ernani," and trio from "Night in Granada" for Miss McDonald, ballads for Castle and Campbell, admirably calculated to display their best ability in that style, with good opportunity in concerted pieces, to prove their dramatic aptitude. All the singers were in good voice, and gratified the large—for such an unfavorable evening—audience, so intensely, that encores were called for profusely, and with such earnest persistence that response in song could not in all instances be well avoided.

Each had their special admirers, in common with the selections made, and the familiar "Betsey" duet, seemed to charm all listeners, just as it did on its first performance, a long time ago, by Castle and Campbell. It would be difficult to find three voices—soprano, tenor, and baritone—more delightful in such a saloon than were exemplified at Mr. Harrison's opening concert. Miss McDonald's exquisite soprano, neat execution, and really admirable style, had most satisfying exposition on that occasion, and her intonation showed no flaw, or her tones the least blemish of unpleasant shrillness, even in attacking extreme alt notes. Mr. Castle appeared to feel at home again, in that hall which gave him fame originally, and save a slight coolness in love passages, he acquitted himself so well, and showed a pure tenor so beautiful and true, as to make superiority a most difficult attainment for even great celebrities in concert halls. Mr. Campbell has not only retained all his vocal wealth, but gained largely in enunciation, during his concert vacation. Close heed to the production of his upper notes, as regards quality of tone, would still further advance his already high rank among baritones or bassi cantanti.

Master Bernard, for a mere boy, has much facility in violin performance, and comes within the pale, therefore, of wonder players, on that rarely mastered instrument. He would satisfy the judgment more by avoiding that comparison with great experts in executive display, which too exalted aim in that direction naturally induces with general hearers.

Mr. G. W. Colby renewed, by his accompaniments on the piano forte, those unanimous and enthusiastic praises, given him for like essential service last season.

FIRST SACRED CONCERT AT IRVING HALL.

Mr. L. F. Harrison's sacred concert series commenced last Sunday evening under somewhat unfavorable auspices, the excessive heat affecting not only the attendance, but his singer's voices. There was a good room for such a withering, heated term as prevailed that day, and the performances were, under the circumstances, satisfactory to most of those present, and if applause pushed to redemands be a test of delight, many were highly gratified. Especially demonstrative were that public toward Miss Toedt, who could not evade playing a second time on each appearance to fulfill her part in the programme, and this enthusiasm developed itself notwithstanding the prejudicial effect from the atmosphere revealed in the tone of her violin.

Mr. Castle made a hit in Abt's song, and the familiar yet favorite concerted pieces in which he and Mr. Campbell invariably excite applause retained their accustomed charm remarkably well. Some exact musical amateurs were rather puzzled to ascertain what

Mozart compositions were sung, as promised in programme, and declared their positive belief that Flotow and Kreutzer were inferior to him—declining to accept them as substitutes. Miss McDonald was not so fortunate as on the previous evening in voice or execution, having to drive her voice too much for graceful free execution.

NATIONAL SONG FOR AMERICA.

BY HENRY C. WATSON.

First let our praises rise
Up to the vaulted skies,
Praises and thanks to Him, high throned above;
Praises for mercies here
Meeting us everywhere
Thanks for those blessings which spring from his
love,

Chorus.—

First let our praises rise
Up to the vaulted skies,
Praises and thanks to Him, high throned above!

When in that darkest hour,
Struggling with hostile power—
Struggling, our Forefathers called upon Thee;
Nerved was their strong right hand
Scourged the foes from the land
Thy rod smote tyrants down—we rose up FREE!

Chorus.—

Then let our praises rise
Up to the vaulted skies,
In our dear native land, all men are Free!

Freemen by right of birth
Free every foot of earth
Earned by our Fathers' blood in the good fight!
Earned were the Stripes we wear
Won were the Stars we bear
Now in our Flag they flash free as the light!

Chorus.—

Then let our praises rise!
Proudly our Standard flies!
In our dear native Land all men are Free!

O Lord! Thy ways are just
In Thee we place our trust
Bless thou the people Thy love has made free,
Guide Thou their steps aright
Give Thou their rulers light
Govern their counsels and lead them to Thee.

Chorus.—

Then let our praises rise
Up to the vaulted skies
In our dear native Land all men are Free!

While other nations bow
Trembling at tyrant's brow,
Here men are freeborn and bow but to Thee;
Man in Thine image made,
Speaks and is not afraid,
Men equal, unto man bends not the knee.

Chorus.—

Then let our praises rise
Up to the vaulted skies
In our dear native Land all men are Free.

Mountain, Lake, Forest, Plain,
Stretching from main to main,

Rich in the wealth of the soil and the mine,
Great is the Land we claim
Proudly we breathe its name,
Not unto us the praise, Lord all is thine.

Chorus.—

Then let our praises rise,
Up to the vaulted skies,
Not unto us the praise, Lord all is thine.

Then let the Stars and Stripes
Of Freedom's truest types
Wave o'er America from sea to sea,
Long may that banner fly
Pledge of our liberty
Shelter for all who from tyranny flee!

Chorus.—

Then let our praises rise
Proudly our Standard flies,
In our dear native land all men are free!

AN EARLY SUMMER RECOLLECTION.

The "Prophete" was given here several times in the early part of the Summer. After its last representation, two eminent literary Bohemians and two charming Bohemian girls, descendants of Melpomene, with your respectful servant, stepped it over from the "Papage de l'Opera," to the "Café Anglais," and had one of those exquisite Parisian suppers in which food and drink, excellent as they are, receive but little attention, but which always leave the stamp of a memorable period in the annals of a man's life, when they have been scrupulously devoted to art and its manifold and divine aspirations. A charm, almost impossible to describe, enveloped our "petite comite" for an hour or two, like one of those gorgeous gobelin draperies with golden fringes, that deafen every sound like a brick wall and lend to the conversation held within a spell almost divine. Trifling details of these two memorable hours, I have none to tell, because they do not exist, whatever may be the opinion of the profane world on the subject. I am writing this for the benefit of the boys accustomed to groom the tail of Pegasus, wash the dear old canterer's snorting nostrils, and pat with decorous propriety his wonderful cheek-bone, and for the gracious maids who have met Apollo on swimming up the stream of life and have found him to be a good acquaintance. "Hors de la point de salut."

We agreed almost upon every point, a rather uncommon occurrence considering the elements of which our little party was composed. The work ("the Prophete") had been redone with the greatest care; we all know of what importance is the choregraphic display in the third act; here Meyerbeer had created airs for the ballet which were divine masterpieces every one of them, out and out immortal things; the redowa with Mirante and Mlle. Floere, the galop, the quadrille of the skaters, brought out just as the Maestro saw and heard them in the ideal climes which lay beyond the verge of human imagination, were glorious; somebody had a slip, but it was so graceful and its recovery was hailed with such a thunder of applause, that we honestly questioned the fact whether Piccorno, despite his all powerful mastery, had not sadly omitted the charming incident. Somebody said that accidents of the kind are a triumph in the corps de ballet, when they assume the proportions of a miracle, because the profession is exceedingly slippery.

Then we talked about Meyerbeer. What a

herculean laborer! over restless and opening new routes for his genius, and hence that evolution slowly and conscientiously studied in the different phases of which each of the Master's great partitions are summed up. When after receiving Vogler's lessons, in the company of Weber, and after inhaling in their purity all the serious traditions of the German art, he started for Italy, he at once set to work to familiarize himself with the beauties of the school of Cimaroux; his repeated attempts at representing his partitions were however attended here with ill success, and with the exception of "Marguerite d'Anjou," and the "Crociato," nothing of his Italian partitions is to be found on the "repertoire." But on his arrival in Paris his first laurels are being wreathed into shape by the mystic fingers of the powerful geni that presided over his destiny. After "Robert," that interesting dramatic poem, so charming in the role of Alice, so full of ingenious coloring in that of Bertram, his future progress became one of uninterrupted success and triumph. From that time also is to be dated the period of transition which manifested itself in the obstinately searching genius of the Master; he discovered the merit of the French school in relation to the scenic sentiment; he felt that upon the vast stage of the opera it was necessary to organize action and to put life into the personages of the piece; he felt that he was no more in Italy where, after the aria of the prima donna, people are no more concerned about anything but eating ice-cream or drinking sherbet.

The work of Scribe, a librettist worthy of such a composer, was decidedly of a class which lent additional stimulus to the talent of his collaborator. Here, then the master gathered within his powerful individuality, three schools entirely distinct; the German school, so remarkable for its ingenious accompaniment, and the richness of its harmonies; the Italian school, distinguished by the cut of its pieces, and its melodious turn; and the French school, the dramatic expression of which fills entirely this beautiful work. After that, the artist is seen searching, ferreting through the corners and burrows of his vast erudition, and abandoning the Italian school, while returning to the early impressions of his youth. In the "Huguenot," one of the greatest musical creations in existence, this tendency is strongly manifested; so it is in the "Prophete," where the accompaniments are more elaborately worked than heretofore, but to which a lesser rank must be assigned. In the "Etoile du Nord," and "Dinorah," the melody surrenders and is completely vanquished.

"L'Africaine," said Mr. Th. de Lajarte, represents the three distinct manners of Meyerbeer; simply because it remained upon his piano during the greater part of his existence, and because the various types of the composer defied before it. Well, the "Prophete" is on the repertoire again, and a great success is to be recorded through the impersonations of Mr. and Mrs. Graymard, Mlle. Battu, Mlle. Manduit, Messrs. Castelmary, Belval, Gruy, and Bonnesseur.

I have given this reminiscence of the immortal maestro, almost textually as it was told among ourselves at the supper table, merely dropping an occasional interruption, and one or two biographical items known to everybody. The great man's genius, or his spirit, perhaps, must have been among us, for we all felt like being pervaded with delightful blasts of gorgeous harmony. At any rate the social harmony which presided over